

(1)

P O E M

ON THE
ACCESSION

OF THEIR

Royal Highnesses

THE

Prince and Princess of Orange

TO THE

Imperial Crown of ENGLAND;

Being a Paraphrase on the 45 P S A L M.

*My Heart is inditing (Lat.
Con cructavit) a good Matter.*

*I speak of the Things which I
have made, touching the King.
— My Tongue is the Pen of a ready
Writer.*

I.
NO, 'tis too big; I longer can't contain
Within my *labouring* Breast,
With the *unwieldy* Thought oppress'd,
The mighty *Pleasure* mixt with mighty *Pain*.
My *Heart's* too narrow far to hold it there:
In such *unequal* Limits pent,
It searches round, and will have vent,
And *means* the open Air.
Thence it breaks, and thence it flies,
To my *Lips*, and to my *Eyes*;
My *Harp* shall play, my *Lips* shall sing,
Of Happy *Salem's* peaceful King.
Nor do's my willing *Tongue* the Task refuse.
Away it runs as swift as *Wind*:
Nor do's it lag behind my *Muse*;
Nor needs it stay fit *Words* to chuse,
But leaves almost, my *heavier* Thought behind.

A

II. Fairer

II.

Thou art fairer than the Children of Men.

Graces poured into thy Lips

Therefore God hath blessed thee for ever.

Fairer than all the *Beauteous Pride*
That ever sprung from *Adams* side!
By those bright *Touche*s out-shin'd alone,
Who ever Guard the *Eternals* Throne.
Fair in those *Virtues* which thy *Mind* adorn;
Fairer than the rising *Morn*!
Possess of each *Illustrious Grace*;
Which in dazzling *Purple* shine,
(*Purple*, once *Royal*, now *Divine*,)
Around thy *Lips*, around thy *Face*!
Favourite of those above,
Of *Earth* the *Joy*, of *Heav'n* the *Love*.

III.

*Gird thy Sword upon thy Thigh,
O most mighty!*

With thy Glory and thy Majesty.

*And in thy Majesty ride Prof-
perously, to crush Truth, and
Majesty, and Righteousness.*

Arise *Young Hero*! from thy *Throne* arise!
Heav'n calls Thee out, and bids prepare
For a just, a needful *War*,
To scourge its *own*, and *Israel's* Enemies.
See the *Lawrels* hanging high!
See the *Angels* stooping down
With a brighter *Starry Crown*,
And upward point to hovering *Vibors*!
Gird thy *Sword* upon thy *Thigh*,
In all thy *Royal Glories* drest,
Thy *Self* the greatest and the best;
In all thy *Kingly Majesty*;
--- See, with what a *Pomp* he goes!
How triumphantly he's ride,
Truth and *Majesty* by his side,
And *Justice* to confound his *Foes*!
Say! who can such a *Force* oppose?
Still such *Guards* wou'd *Princes* use,
None besides they need to chuse.

IV.

*And thy Right Hand shall
teach thee terrible Things.*

*Thine Arrows are sharp in the
Hearts of the Kings Enemies,
whereby the People fall under thee.*

But since *Kings*, like *God*, must be
For *Justice*, not for *Mercy* fam'd alone;
Since *Wise* as well as *Good*,
Is a fit *Stile* for *Majesty*;
And since the harden'd *Rebels* Blood
Still makes the strongest *Cement* for a *Throne*:
Learn, what thou well dost *Understand*,
Learn from thy own dread *Right-hand*;
Learn from thence to act such *Things*,
As become offended *Kings*.
--- Yes: 'Tis done, already done:
For in vain they *fly* away;
Thy *Arrows* *fly* more swift than they:
Fate and *Thee* they cannot shun.
Through their faithless *Hearts* they glide;
Down they fall and bite the *Ground*,
Down they fall with all their *Pride*:
Scattering imperfect *Curses* round.
Vainly they *curse* as they did *flee*:
Vainly they *curse* their *Fate* and *Thee*.
Both alike their *Curses* find:
Loose, and Weak, and Short, and Dead,
Long before they reach thy *Head*,
And scatter'd into *Wind*.

V.

Thy Throne is for ever and ever.

*The Scepter of thy Kingdom is a right Scepter. Thou lov'st Right-
wifeness and hatest Wickedness.*

*Therefore God, even thy God,
hath anointed thee with the Oyl
of Gladness above thy Fellows.*

*All thy Garments smell of
Myrrh, Aloes and Cassia, out of
the Ivory Palaces whereby they
have made thee glad.*

*Kings Daughters were among
thy Honourable Women. Upon thy
right Hand did stand the Queen,
in Gold of Ophir.*

*Hearken, O Daughter, and con-
sider! Incline thine Ear! forget
also thine own People and thy
Fathers House!*

*So shall the King greatly desire
thy Beauty.*

*For he is thy Lord, and Wor-
ship thou him.*

*And the Daughter of Tyre
shall be there with a Gift.*

*The Rich among the People shall
intreat thy Favour.*

Forever shall thy *Rightful Throne* endure;
Thy *Rightful Scepter* now for ever is secure.

Thy Throne on *Justice* firmly fixt;
A *Basis* ne're can fail or fade,
With *guileful Arts* unmixt.

By *Inclination*, not by *Interest*, *Just*,
Thou *Fraud* and *Wrong* dost hate,
And he who knows thy *Heart*, who is thy *Trust*
Who do's secure thy *State*;

With *Holy Oyl* he do's thy *Temples Crown*,
Nor must *Sauls Vial* thy low Measure be;

For in the largest *Quantity*,
It thence on all thy *Royal Robes* flowes gently down:

Thy *Royal Robes* whence gladfom *Odors* flow,
Whence *Show'rs* of precious *Pearls* distill,
When from thy *Wardrobe* thou dost go,
Like trickling fragrant *Dew* from *Hermons* fruitful Hill.

VI.

Ev'n haughty *Princes* do not *Scorn*,
(*Honour enough, enough of State,*)

Their *Daughters* shoud thy *Courts* adorn
On thee, and on thy *Queen* to wait:

Thy *Queen*, array'd in *Gold*, less bright,
She takes not, but she lends it light.

O *Egypt's Glory* once! now *Salems Pride*!
Incline thy *Royal Ear*!

Thy faithful *suppliants* hear,
And every little *weakness* cast aside!
Let no fond *Thoughts* for *Egypt* still remain!
Let *Pharaoh* and all his *Gods* forgotten be!

What is he now to Thee?
Forget 'em all, and break the *servile Chain*!

So shall thy *Royal Lord* become thy *Slave*:
And ev'n in *Loves* soft Bands

Wrought by the *Eyes* and *Hands*,
No other *Freedom* ever with to have.

Thy *Royal Lord*; for thou dost know
What *Reverence* is his due;

And since he yields so much to you,
How much, much more to him thou still must owe.

VII.

So *Tyres* proud *Daughter* soon shall hasten o're
Pleas'd in thy *Courts* to find a room

With the best *Trophies* of her *Noble Loom*,
With all the unval'd *purple* from her plunder'd *shore*;
And humbly kneel, and humbly greet,
And cast it at thy *Feet*.

Whilst other *Gifts* thy wealthy *Subjects* bring,
Worthy the *Consort* of a *King*:

These from *Gilead*, *Balm* divine;
Spices these, were fit to burn

In the *Arabian Wonders Urn*:
These the rich *Engeddi's Wine*.

Thus they thy *favour* shall entreat,
And court thy *smiles* to make 'em *Great*.

The Kings Daughter is all glorious within. Her clothing is of wrought Gold.

She shall be brought to the King in Rayments of Needle-Work: The Virgins her Companions that follow her shall be brought unto thee.

With Gladness, and rejoicing shall they be brought. They shall enter into the Kings Palace.

Instead of thy Fathers, shall be thy Children.

Whom thou may'st make Princes in all the Earth.

I will make thy name to be remembered in all Generations: Therefore shall the People praise thee for ever and ever.

'Tis not, alas! the Gold less bright
Which gives not, but receives thy Light:
That makes Great Pharaohs Daughter shine:
Thy better Glories are unseen,
And modestly with-draw within:
That must be invisible which is divine.
Those fair Virtues ay possess't
(Proud of such a Spicey Nest,)
Of thy white Soul, and scarce less beauteous Breast.
Say! what Robes shall we prepare
For Solomons Queen, and Pharaohs Heir?
The needles all their Art shall try,
And thy daughters, Salem! vy
With the rich Embroidery
Of the Fields, and of the Sky.
A Crowd of Virgins, Chast, as Fair,
Beauties all, were the not there
Her long-long Pomp in decent Order bear.
Unknown Gladness shall arise,
And around our Faces play,
Shine thro' all our Hearts, and Eyes,
And never more away.
Where ere they come new Conquests these shall make,
And all our Palaces shall take:
Ah! who wou'd not, must not yield
When such Beauty takes the Field?

IX.

O Egypt's Glory, once! look back no more
To headlong Niles, uncertain Shore!
To Shilo's softer Waters now
Thy Ears, and Inclinations bow!
Let Pharaoh and all his Gods forgotten be!
While thy glad Subjects with and pray
For such as long may Israels Scepter sway,
And for a long-long Race of happy Kings from Thee;
Who thro' the World may bear their Parents Name,
Heirs of their Vertues, and their Throne,
And sharers in their Fame,
Their Victories to utmost Ind, and distant Ganges known.
Thro' all their far out-stretched Line
Whilst grateful Israel shall thy Glories raise
On lofty Pyramids of praise,
Thou in their Fame shalt share, as they in thine.
And, if a Verse Eternity can give
Thou in my Verse as in their Fame shalt ever live.

F I N I S.

